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ROBIN HOOD'S BAY.

BY THE OLD SAILOR,

AUTHOR OF "TOUGH YARNS," ETC. ETC.

It is now some five-and-twenty years ago, that, while engaged upon a government survey of the rocks, shoals, quicksands, and other dangers that threaten destruction to the adventurous mariner on the coast of Yorkshire, I was frequently, during thick weather, when objects on land were not sufficiently discernible to measure the necessary angles, induced to bring up in that fine bay between Whitby and Scarborough, called "Robin Hood's Bay." The curious formation of the village, many of the houses being built on the extreme verge of the cliff, whilst the others are erected on each side of a steep descent leading to the shore below, greatly excited my interest. From the sea the scenery was particularly picturesque, and on the land the uncouth buildings and primitive manners and habits of the inhabitants afforded a novelty, to a romantic mind, of considerable gratification, and I took repeated opportunities of visiting not only several of the kind-hearted villagers, but also, as my duty in laying down positions or stations compelled me to travel a few miles inland, I met with a ready welcome from the farmers, who examined my theodolite and other instruments with great astonishment and admiration.

Being naturally desirous of ascertaining to what extent tradition coupled the famed outlaw Sherwood Forest with the bay which bore his name, I was particular in my inquiries; but though several old dames mysteriously hinted at occurrences of the olden time, when

"That bold lawless fellow, y'clept Robin Hood,"

kept his court under "the greenwood tree," yet beyond the ancient ballads few individuals could render me information. It is true that about two miles southward of the village is a piece of moorland, on which are two or three tumuli, said to be the places where he caused his butts to be erected for the exercise of his men in archery; and near Whitby Lathes, about five miles to the north-west of the bay, two upright stones are shown, as marking the spots where the arrows of Robin Hood and Little John fell, when, in a trial of strength and skill, they discharged them from the top of Whitby Abbey, in the presence of the abbot. Now, as the distance they must have flown rather exceeded a mile and a half, I set this statement down to the credit of Major Longbow, who, it will be remembered, was a famous hand at *stretching*. Still, there is something so fascinating in associating one's self with places and events connected with the history of the daring and generous forester, that I often caught myself fixing upon the site of some exploit, and picturing "the merrie men" in their Lincoln green, like patches of fern amongst the cliffs of the bay; and as, of course, good living was an essential qualification to good hunting (a rule handed down by our ancestors, and still devoutly preserved by all genuine sportsmen), so I deemed it not improbable that hither the noted chief at times resorted for a supply of those liquids which make glad the heart of man, as well as to enjoy a change of diet from venison to turbot, and exchange the close atmosphere of the forest for the pure cool breeze from the sea. And here I might digress a little while, to prove that man in every state and station of society or barbarism, is an epicure, whether it is the Esquimaux who sucks the frozen entrails of a bear or walrus, as children suck barley-sugar in England, or the red Indian, whose greatest dainty is a grilled snake or a roasted monkey. But I am limited in my space, and therefore must defer so important an argument till another period.

The ancient name of this place was Fyleng, but Leland, in his Itinerary, gives it the appellation it still retains, and in good truth I do not wish it to have any other; but a love of veracity compels me to narrate a circumstance, which gives strong grounds for presuming, that, though the original somewhat resembled the present name in sound, yet the meaning was widely different.

On the very edge of the cliff, near the northern extremity of the village, stands, or more appropriately speaking, hangs, a building of a somewhat superior description to those of the neighbourhood. How the builder contrived to fix it there, above the boiling surge that foams below, has often excited my wonder; but there it is, with a sort of terraced platform next the sea, looking over the steep face of the perpendicular rock; and one of my men allegorically observed, that the house reminded him "of a poor fellow on the main-yard holding on by his eyelids." This was the residence of a retired veteran, who in his early days had voyaged it to both the Eastern and Western Indies, had seen Mount Vesuvius spit forth its flakes of flame, and had threaded the icebergs in Hudson's Bay—he was well acquainted with most parts of the inhabited and uninhabited world, but had lived so little in it as to be totally ignorant of the tricks, chicanery, and double dealing, by which one-half of the population of the globe live upon the other half; and at the age of fifty-six he was plundered by fashionable sharpers in the metropolis—some of whom bore noble titles—of the fortune he had accumulated, and only enough was left to allow of his retiring to his native village, and passing the remainder of his days in quiet comfort.

By the uneducated fishermen, and the unsophisticated villagers in general, Zebedee Wood was looked up to with a respect and awe but little less than that which they were accustomed from infancy to cherish towards their worthy minister, and in the course of a few years the veteran seaman became the oracle of his neighbours. I was very much attached to this man; there was a tranquil simplicity about him that at once made a stranger perfectly at home in his company, and his polished conversation arising from travel offered a remarkable contrast to the idiom of the coast. We had visited several of the same places, and there is a pleasure in talking with one who knows the locality of your ideas and transactions, the more especially if he himself is well stored with anecdote; and such was Zebedee Wood.

It was a beautiful autumnal evening that we sat together on the terrace—which, like the shrine of the Virgin at Loretto, seemed to have been dropped upon the spot—and watched the patient fishermen as they hauled up their cobbles, or moored their five-man boats for the night. Our position commanded an admirable view of the bay, as it swept round to the southward and eastward, throwing its long shadow from the setting sun upon the bosom of the waves, and the last gorgeous tints of the luminary glowed upon the white sails that were yet visible amid the eastern gloom of approaching twilight: it was the very hour for the imagination to revel in the luxury of romance; and seldom has a place been found better calculated for the full indulgence of the feeling.

"I am not surprised," said I, "that Robin Hood should have selected this neighbourhood as his watering-place, and that tradition should have assigned it the name of the gallant outlaw."

The old man looked earnestly at me for a minute or two in silence, and I thought by the changes of his countenance that a struggle was going on in his mind. At length he shook his head, and mournfully uttered, "You are mistaken, sir; and though I will not pretend to say that the killer of the king's deer has not visited the shores of the bay, yet its real name has been perverted,

and perhaps it is best that it should be so. Yet, no! the punishment of crime and the reward of virtue should never lose a monument. The original title of this place, as I was assured by my grandfather, who died at the age of ninety-nine, and who had it from his forefathers—the real name is 'Robbing Wood's Bay.'"

"There must be some curious particulars connected with such a designation," said I, "and it is strange I have heard nothing of it before, for my inquiries have been both extensive and diligent."

"Indeed, young man, there is nothing strange at all in it," returned the veteran, "for I believe I am the only person living who knows any thing of the matter; but if you can have patience to listen, I will endeavour to rub up my memory and relate the story."

Of course I promised to pay the utmost attention, and in this instance never was promise more strictly fulfilled. The old man closed his eyes, as if to look internally upon the traces left by memory on his mind; he leaned back upon his seat, and for several minutes remained perfectly motionless; after which he commenced threading the incidents together, from which I was enabled to connect the following narrative:—

About four miles inland from the bay resided a substantial yeoman of the name of de Gaunt, who boasted of his descent from the celebrated Duke of Lancaster, but unfortunately the bar sinister was on the escutcheon of his ancestor. De Gaunt was a man of considerable property, and the most of his wealth was treasured in his house, which he kept with his followers, by the aid of the strong hand. He was a dissolute hardened wretch—brutal to his wife, and neglectful of his daughter, who, at the age of seventeen, was beautiful in features and in person. Many suitors had solicited and strove to obtain the favourable regard of the fair Alice, but she remained insensible to all except one youth, who, from being greatly her inferior in station, worshipped at a humble distance. Jasper Noland was the son of a fisherman who owned several vessels, and, compared with the generality of his class, was in respectable circumstances; but his family could by no means aspire to an alliance with that of the wealthy, imperious, and frequently cruel yeoman, who would have spurned at and resented the presumption as the greatest insult. Nevertheless, his daughter ardently loved the youth; and though no communication beyond that of the eyes had ever passed between them, yet, without their being themselves aware of it, a secret attachment had grown up into devoted and durable regard.

Alas for Alice! she had long been deprived of the guidance and counsel of her mother; for though de Gaunt appeared to be wholly ignorant of or insensible to the disgrace, his wife had sunk under the snares of a wretch named Robin Wood, whom the husband had selected as his chosen associate. During one of de Gaunt's marauding excursions—for might in those days ruled over right—he had encountered a young noble, who accompanied him back to his mansion, where he became enamoured of the beautiful Alice, and proposed to make her his wife. This flattered the pride of de Gaunt, whose ambition longed to move in a more exalted sphere; and without consulting his daughter, he gave the required pledge that she should receive him as her future lord.

Robin Wood, the yeoman's unprincipled confidant, saw at once, that, if this union were carried into execution, his reign in the house would soon be at an end; and therefore he resolved to plunder his benefactor, and escape by water, taking with him both mother and daughter: the former to be disposed of as quietly as possible, the latter to be reserved for a worse fate than that of death. The reckless patron, blind to what was passing around him, had not only given Robin Wood unlimited power at the Grange, but had also furnished him with ample means to maintain it; and the wily serpent had employed his benefactor's bounty to corrupt the retainers and promote his own nefarious plans. One only, an aged female, who had lived in the family from childhood, was incorruptible, though she secretly conceal-

ed her real character, the better to detect the machinations of Wood, and to watch over the welfare of her young mistress, to whom she was devotedly attached. Several times did this faithful creature endeavour to warn her master of the impending danger that threatened him, but all her efforts were attributed to the suspicions generated by detage, and she was only laughed at and treated with ridicule. But it was not so with Alice: her eyes were fully and painfully open to the proceedings that were carrying on, and once or twice she summoned sufficient courage to address her father on the subject. But how could she, a daughter, expose the crimes of her mother, and perhaps consign that relative to the destructive vengeance of her husband? Of Wood she did speak in terms of reprobation, but the self-willed and self-satisfied de Gaunt attributed it to malicious motives against his favourite for the fidelity with which he acted towards himself. Every avenue of his heart was closed against conviction, and the means employed to open them did but render them less easy of access.

It may excite some surprise, that amidst so much vice Alice should remain untainted; but the fact was, she did not altogether escape the contamination, though, through the guardian care of old Margaret, she was preserved from falling into guilt: in short, her mind was of that gentle and ductile nature, which prudent management might easily guide to right pursuits, or unwise counsel plunge into irretrievable misery—(alas, how many young females have been lost through the want of a judicious adviser!) Old Margaret was not unacquainted with the maiden's regard for Noland; but the retiring diffidence of the youth had induced them both to believe that he was indifferent to the feelings of affection, and therefore they feared to trust him. Oh, could they but have read his heart!—could they but have seen him in the darkness of the night, and at the risk of his life, instead of seeking rest after the labours of the day, devoting the hours of repose to stealing round the Grange, that he might be near to, and probably catch a glimpse of, the object of his love! Had they known how earnestly he had applied himself to learn the intentions of the treacherous Wood, for the purpose of striving to defeat them, they would have at once confided in him, and it is likely that much of the mischief which ensued might have been prevented.

By means of his confederates, Jasper learned that Wood had engaged a coble to be in readiness at a certain hour of the night, at a particular place on the shore; and as a smuggling cutter had been seen in the bay at the close of the afternoon standing off and on, his suspicions were raised that something nefarious was in agitation, and he determined to proceed to the neighbourhood of the Grange. There was an indescribable yet powerful feeling that prompted him to immediate action; his pulses throbbed as they had never throbbed before; an irrepressible impulse, which gave a new and vigorous energy to his intellect, urged him on; what might have previously happened was a sealed book; but, feverish and restless, he resolved to search into the events that he felt confident were about to take place. Unfortunately, most of the boats were that night at sea, and only three or four stout fellows could be procured to accompany him in his expedition, but they had strong arms and stout hearts. Darkness veiled the face of nature as Jasper's party stealthily quitted the village; not a breath stirred the leaves, which hung like dead weights from their several branches; the sky was murky, and the atmosphere oppressive; whilst every thing gave indications of an approaching storm.

"I wish the boats were home," said one of the young men; "there is a heavy moan of the sea I do not like—it has always seemed to me the forerunner of some calamity."

"There is a gale brewing," returned Jasper, "but it will not be here immediately. There is certainly something extremely depressing to the spirits in that hollow complaining sound, as if the ocean was pleading with its maker against the storm that will lash it into fury; but it is nothing unnatural, and the sensation we experience arises from ourselves."

"I do not exactly understand you," said another, "but to my thinking it is sent as a warning to haul up the boats and make all snug; it certainly is heavier to-night than ever I heard it afore; ay, heavier than when the Mary Rose and her crew perished. Harken to that—it was like a Christian groan from the very bottom of the heart—oh!" and he shook his head, "I wish the boats were home."

After this brief conversation, they pursued their way in silence, till the lights at the Grange were visible, when Jasper, with the utmost caution in his steps, directed them to proceed. The building they were approaching was one of those ancient structures built more for defence against intruders, than for the retirement of luxurious ease. The walls were of massive stone; the windows small, and deeply immersed; the gables were scrolled in fantastic forms; and the lofty chimneys appeared in the gloom like the minarets of a Turkish mosque. A stone wall, shrouded with ivy, surrounded the house, leaving a rather extensive area for fruit and flower gardens; but these were so arranged as to offer no impediment to the defence of the place. Outside the wall was a deep moat, though at that time containing very little water. Jasper

was leading his men to a well-known spot where he had often crossed before, when a piercing shriek issued from the building, and it was evident, by the red line of torches flashing upon the grey stone, that some commotion was going on within.

"Follow me, lads!" exclaimed Noland, as he sprang into the moat, and hurried across to where the wall had become dilapidated, and the tough ivy clingers made it easy of ascent. Yet in his haste he stumbled and fell, and afforded time for his companions to restrain his impetuosity within the bounds of prudence. Jasper instantly felt the propriety of acting with coolness: his friends were but few and loosely armed; the retainers of the Grange were many, and well provided with hostile weapons; a little judgment, and a little cunning, might avail more than strength. But the shrieks continued so incessant, that even the calmest among them became impatient of restraint, and the whole rushing forward, were soon in the midst of the *maison*. In the immediate courtyard of the Grange was Wood, well mounted, and on another horse by his side was a female figure enveloped in a riding cloak, whilst the beautiful Alice was violently struggling with two men, who were endeavouring to force her upon a third, and others of the servants were busily engaged in removing packages. Not an instant was lost by Jasper and his little band, who loudly shouted as if to give notice to his associates in another quarter, and rushed forward to the rescue. A desperate contest ensued, but Wood, taking advantage of the confusion, grasped the bridle of the lady's horse, and rode off to the drawbridge, which had been lowered, and escaped—the unhappy partner of his flight being the victim of his lust. Noland rescued Alice from the wretches, and as she fell into his arms, he pressed her trembling frame to his heart, and in incoherent language, though well understood by the hearer, he declared his love. It was no studied effusion of the tongue; it was no measured cadence of the voice, but deep strong deathless passion in the hour of peril that prompted his utterance, and gave force to every word. From that moment, the very nature of the fair girl seemed to change; she was no longer passive or betraying fear, but, seizing the dagger of a prostrate enemy, she fought by the side of her avowed lover. The numbers at first were very unequal, but several of the servants secured their portion of the plunder, and retreated to the country, so that the odds were much reduced. Two of Jasper's men lay on the ground insensible; he himself was severely wounded, but he was determined to protect the lady whilst he had life, and she strove to defend her lover from the attacks of his assailants. The torches had been extinguished, but suddenly thick volumes of black smoke issued from the windows of the building, which in a few minutes flamed up with an appalling roar, that stilled the tumult of the affray.

"My father—my father!" shrieked Alice, as she grasped the arm of Noland; "the villains have fired the house. Come, come, we must save my father."

Jasper promptly responded to the appeal, and boldly entered the building to seek for de Gaunt, and Alice undauntedly followed him. The dense smoke rolled its huge masses to oppose their progress, threatening every instant to burst into a flame; but they had not proceeded beyond the antechamber, when they both stumbled over a prostrate body, and Alice, stooping down, was enabled, by the fire which glared upon them, to decide that it was her father. Without hesitation the young fisherman raised the prostrate man, and, assisted by the daughter, the parent was conveyed from the immediate scene of devastation, and deposited upon the lawn. But life was fled; a deep wound above the region of the heart displayed the cause, and the gigantic form of the once terrible de Gaunt lay stretched before them a lifeless corpse. Short as had been the absence of Jasper, yet on his return he found the whole face of affairs had changed: there was no longer any contest; the field had been abandoned by the enemy, and none remained except Noland's party and those who were incapable of getting away. All attempts to extinguish the fire were perfectly useless, for the storm burst forth, and the winds aided their sister element in the work of demolition. The Grange was utterly destroyed, though traces of its blackened ruins may still be seen where the tangled ivy grows luxuriantly wild, and clings with unshaken fidelity to the wreck. Alice was removed to the residence of the elder Noland, where she was welcomed with a rough but honest kindness, and old Margaret was installed in the single nook.

That night the storm did indeed rage with violence; a five-man boat foundered, and there was a wailing and weeping of widows and orphans. The coble was also missing that had been engaged by Wood; but whether she was lost, or had been taken on board the cutter, was then unknown, though a few days in a great measure decided the matter, for the body of Alice's mother was washed ashore, and laid in the same grave with her husband. Alice was now an orphan.

From one of the wounded of de Gaunt's men, who was secured, they ascertained that it was Wood who had murdered his unhappy patron, and that he had conveyed away with him a considerable sum in gold, and every portable thing of value that he could lay his hands on; the fire had consumed the rest, and Alice was reduced to poverty. But she was with one who loved her, and whom she fondly loved. Jasper was an only son, and enjoyed all the privileges and indulgences which attached parents could bestow; his happiness was theirs, and in twelve months from that date, Alice was the young fisherman's wife.

Years passed on, the elder Noland was consigned to the tomb, and Jasper and Alice took possession of this very house whose terrace we are now on. But misfortunes beset them: boat after boat was lost; their family increased; and the fisherman was at length reduced to the necessity of going out as a share-man in the vessel of a neighbour. This was a sad change, but the attached pair bore it with fortitude, and bent in humble piety to the will of heaven. Fresh distresses pursued them: the season was bad; debts must be paid; and a remorseless

creditor who coveted the dwelling, insisted that it should be sold, as he cherished a hope of purchasing it at a low price for himself. The almost heart-broken man could not endure the thoughts of quitting the home of his fathers, the habitation where his children had been born; and earnest were his entreaties to the throne of grace that the evil might be averted. But God seeth not as man seeth: the sale was announced, and Jasper, determined not to witness it, put off out of the bay, and anchored his vessel about five miles from the shore. Here, with one of his old associates at the Grange, he conversed in bitterness of spirit over his misfortunes, till patient resignation once more resumed its sway.

A smart puff of wind compelled the confederates to weigh; the small light anchor came up heavily, which at first they attributed to their own want of exertion; but it soon became evident that some heavy weight was attached to the instrument, and they put forth their utmost strength till the ring struck against the bows; the cable was passed round astward, and Jasper went forward to ascertain what they had hooked. Judge of his sickening sensations when he beheld the mutilated and perishing remains of a human body; there was no head; one arm and one foot were washed away from their sockets, and the other arm only hung by an integument that separated soon after.

"It is a dead body," exclaimed Jasper, shuddering, "and, from its condition, must have been a long time in the water; it is better to let go again, and free ourselves from so loathsome a thing."

His companion had made the cable fast, and stood by the side of Noland looking at the offensive object. "You are right," said he; "I will let go suddenly, and it will free itself from the fluke—some poor fellow who has been wrecked, no doubt. But avast, Jasper; he may have something valuable about him."

"He might have had," returned Noland, "but he has been too long under water to retain any thing; and yet there does appear—bowse a little higher, Ned—there is certainly something about his body—bowse, lad—handsomely—belay that."

With great caution the confederates succeeded in raising the perishing remains to the gunwale; the dress was tattered, but round the ribs were several belts, which, being carefully removed, were got into the boat; the first one burst, and a large sum of money in gold rattled in the run; round the loins was a strong leather strap, to which a square tin case was attached: this also was secured, and finding nothing further, the decapitated trunk was once more consigned to its ocean grave. The confederates sat down and gazed upon each other in mute astonishment; each of the belts (and there were five) contained gold enough to constitute a handsome fortune in those days. The case was forced open; it had resisted the action of the water to penetrate it; every thing looked fresh and sparkling—jewellery and precious stones, and gold and silver. Jasper took up a massive gold drinking-cup, and in rude characters, inscribed upon a shield, he read, "Gislebert de Gaunt." Another and another valuable succeeded, either bearing the initial with a rude boat's head, or the name in full. The truth flashed upon his mind—the body they had thus found was that of Robin Wood.

To take the bearings of the spot, and stretch out for the shore with renewed energy, was but the work of a short time. The surface of the water was smooth. "Pull—pull, as if for your life!" exclaimed Jasper; "oh, my friend, enable me to save the home of my childhood."

But now (said the veteran) let us picture the scene upon this spot. At the entrance, and just without the door, stood Alice and her houseless children, unable to tear themselves away from a place so hallowed by fond and fervid endearments. A few persons, amongst whom was the creditor, were inside examining the building, and the person who was appointed to receive the biddings stood ready for the purpose. The sale commenced when Alice beheld the boat of her husband touch the beach, and, great as is the distance, his voice reached her ears as he shouted, "Stop—stop!"

"Oh, stay, stay the sale," said she; "Jasper is here, and commands it. I insist that you do not proceed."

"And what can Jasper do, my good woman?" inquired the creditor, as soon as he had ascertained the fact of the fisherman's approach; "do you think that he has found a hidden treasure, and will not come back as poor as he went?"

"I know not what to think," she replied; "but heaven is merciful; at all events, let the sale be stayed."

"Well, well, a few minutes cannot matter much," muttered the eager creditor with something like a sneer; "let us wait, friends, for the poor man's arrival."

Almost breathless with haste, Jasper mounted the steep ascent, and when he had gained this platform where we are now sitting, he caught his wife's hand, looked eagerly in her face, and faultlessly inquired, "How is it Alice—am I in time—is my home yet safe?"

The poor woman's mournful smile assured him that it was, though she was sorely puzzled to account for his conduct. But as for the fisherman, the certainty that he should still retain his dwelling swelled his heart almost to bursting; he fell upon his knees, clasped his hands, and wept like a child; his wife and children knelt beside him, unknowing why; and as he poured forth his emotions in grateful praise to the Creator, even the horny breast of the hard creditor was moved, and he evinced something like compassion, and many were the tears shed by all. But when the facts of the case came to be really known, the extremes of joy abounded in that happy family; congratulations were lavishly bestowed from without, whilst peace and gratitude reigned within. Well, sir, the rest of the story is soon told: the sale was of course stopped; the claims of Jasper to the property in right of his wife were proved to be undeniable; every demand against him was satisfied, and the residue was amply sufficient to provide for the family in comparative affluence. A handsome remembrance was given to the fortunate companion of Noland, who purchased a boat, and was enabled to pass the remainder of his days in comfort. Attempts were made to drag for the body of the

culprit who had so untimely met his end, but nothing more was ever seen of it. From the period of its first discovery, the bay was called "Rouung Woon's Bay."

Such was the old man's tale, which I have given as nearly as possible in his own language, without any of those embellishments which it is certainly well calculated to receive: the house is still standing, with every mark of antiquity about it; and now as to what is the real origin of the name of the place, I must leave the decision to the discrimination and better judgment of my readers. They may have which title they please, as both are now marked with a romantic interest.

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

UTRECHT—GOUDA.

By early dawn we were ready to start from our inn in Amsterdam, and pursue our way by the diligence to Utrecht, which lies at the distance of twenty-six miles inland, in a south-easterly direction, or nearly midway betwixt Amsterdam and Rotterdam, though not on the common route between these cities.

Departing from the commercial capital of Holland by the Utrecht port or gate, and skirting for a short way the public walks formed on the site of the ancient ramparts, we soon emerged on the open country, which is as flat and uninteresting as can possibly be imagined. The only objects which attract the attention of the passenger, are the country-houses or Luists of retired merchants and others, placed here and there along the side of the road, and each, according to the usual practice, named by some quaint motto significant of the feelings of the possessor. We also saw here, for the first time, some storks stalking majestically about the dewy polders, and, alarmed by the approach of the carriage, taking their flight to their nests on the tops of the trees which environ the adjacent Luists. The stork is a bird held in veneration by the Dutch, and they are glad when they can induce it to settle and build a nest upon their dwelling, or on the summit of a neighbouring tree. With the hope of encouraging its settlement, sometimes an old wheel or circular board is placed horizontally on the elevated top of a chimney or tree, and there the storks may be seen standing in silent dignity, looking down upon the flat territory around. In this manner they enjoy protection from the inhabitants of both town and country, and to kill one of them would be deemed a sacrilegious crime, worthy of the deepest reprobation. I am not aware that the stork possesses any qualities which entitle it to so much respect from the Hollanders, except that of peculiarly deep affection for its young. It is mentioned that on the occasion of a great fire in Delft, in long-bygone times, the storks were seen on the wing bearing away their young through the flames, and when unable to accomplish this, perishing with them rather than abandon them. This tender solicitude of the elder birds is amply repaid by the young, who will not forsake their parents when in danger, but remain with them, and defend them even unto death. On account of its affectionate nature, the stork is called in the original scriptural tongue by the name of mercy, or pity. On the approach of winter, the birds proceed southwards to a warmer clime, and come back to their former haunts on the return of mild weather. This is alluded to in the prophetic writings in words which need hardly be quoted—"the stork knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming." As the Dutch are distinguished in a very peculiar manner for their love of offspring, and their tender regard for the aged, it is not unlikely that they venerate the stork for the possession of qualities of a kindred nature.

In the course of the ride to Utrecht, the traveller has occasion to pass through a district, in which, instead of the ordinary rich green polders, he observes tracts possessing a poor heathiness in the sward, and in some places he may notice lands in a state of partial clearance and flooded with water. It is, it seems, from this part of Holland that much of the peat is dug for the purpose of domestic fuel. The ground for several feet in depth is taken up in a soft liquid state, not unlike tar, and by being dried and otherwise prepared, it is formed into small peats of a particularly fine quality. This Dutch peat differs from any turf that I have seen in Scotland or England. It burns without any sensible smoke; and a small piece, once ignited through, will retain its condition of a red-hot cinder for hours, till it moulders away into fine white ashes. As already mentioned, it is extensively used in Holland for keeping water, tea, coffee, or any other food hot, and is burnt in boxes for keeping the feet of the ladies warm in houses and churches. In the absence of native coal, and the

comparative scarcity of timber, it is not easy to see how this article could be dispensed with by the Dutch. I may also remark, that the consumption of the article assists in extending the quantity of productive land in Holland. Beneath the upper stratum of peaty matter, a layer of good soil is found, so that when the superincumbent mass has been entirely removed, the cleared space becomes a fertile polder. Thus, the obligation to seek for fuel in the upper coating of the country, has from the earliest ages been a prime moving cause of the clearance of the swamps; and hence, as I was told, in order to encourage the still further creation of productive polders, a heavy prohibitory duty is laid on importations of coal.

As we approach Utrecht, the country begins to alter in character. The land has a more than usually dry appearance, being slightly raised above the dead level of that which lies nearer the coast; fields of wheat and other kinds of grain are now seen instead of the almost unvarying green pasturages; and the novel spectacle of rivers and canals flowing below the general level of the country, not above it on the tops of mounds, now cheers the eye, and seems like a restoration of the wonted habits of nature. The country also becomes beautifully wooded with clumps and strips of trees, while the farm-houses, cottages, and Luists, agreeably fill up the landscape. The immediate approach to Utrecht is remarkably fine, being through an avenue of trees forming a part of the beautiful public walks for the citizens, which surround the town outside the cingel. The first glimpse we obtain of the ancient city is a view of its lofty brick walls, broken and dismantled; and as the diligence rolls on its way through the broad vaulted port, and issues upon the street beyond, we are sensibly reminded that the town figured in former times as one of the principal warlike strongholds in the Low Countries.

The situation of Utrecht on a slightly elevated patch of ground, alongside of which flows the old branch of the Rhine that afterwards passes through Leyden, at an early time induced a settlement of inhabitants on the spot; and from the Romans, who made it one of their stations, it received the name *Ultra trajectum*, which is the original of its present appellation. The whole appearance of the place bespeaks its extreme antiquity, though we saw here, what came under our notice nowhere else in Holland, new houses in process of erection, and general symptoms of improvement. Utrecht is chiefly known in history as the seat of a series of bishops, who, from the tenth to the twelfth centuries, exerted the power of princes within their diocese, and as such competed in distinction with the Bishops of Liege and Counts of Flanders. About the middle of the thirteenth century, the power of the bishop-prince of Utrecht drew to its close. The citizens of all ranks could endure his sway no longer, and driving him from his throne, proclaimed the principles of civil and religious liberty. These were among the earliest efforts in Europe to establish constitutional freedom, and are, therefore, full of interest. The bishops, as is well known, never regained their palatine ascendancy, though they endeavoured to do so by every means in their power, for nearly two hundred years. The province of Utrecht was among the foremost of the Dutch provinces to join in the struggle for emancipation from the Spanish yoke, and in the city of Utrecht, on the 29th of January 1579, the famous act called the Union of Utrecht, declaring the independence of the Seven Provinces, was subscribed.

Deeply affected with the recollection of the historical incidents of which Utrecht was thus the principal scene, I lost no time after my arrival in proceeding in search of the old cathedral, which had at one time reverberated with the thunders of excommunication against the recalcitrant provincials. We found it in a central part of the town; but how fallen from its ancient grandeur! Originally, and before the hand of the destroyer had fallen upon it, the building must have been larger than York Minster, though of less elegant construction, being chiefly of brick, with a prodigiously high tower at the east end. All that remains of the edifice are the choir, the transepts, and the tower; the nave is entirely swept away, leaving the tower standing alone, and affording room for a wide street to pass over the spot where the nave had formerly been. The transepts are dilapidated and shut up, and the only portion in use is the choir, which is fitted up in a plain manner for the Presbyterian service. In a side aisle, entering from this inclosed part, an apparatus is now fitting up for the purpose of manufacturing coal-gas. Yet, miserable as the appearance of the choir now is, it is not altogether deficient in memorials

of its high and palmy days of priestly magnificence. There are several finely-carved monuments, among which is one of a bishop, whose colossal figure, in black marble, lies conspicuous, and in a mutilated condition, within the doorway.

The tower of the cathedral, although shortened, in some measure, by the ravages of time and the elements, is still the highest in the Netherlands. It stands a huge square block of masonry three hundred and eighty-eight feet high, and the eye is fatigued in trying to scan it from the ground to the summit. A stone stair, which is open to the street, admits the ascent of strangers; and impelled by curiosity to have a bird's-eye prospect of the surrounding country, my friend and I hastened to mount to the upper regions. With many a pause for breath, and to catch a glimpse from the loop-holes as we ascended, we reached a height of a hundred and eighty-eight feet, when our further progress was arrested by arriving at the door of a dwelling-house. While some little degree amazed at this unforeseen obstacle, we were relieved by the appearance of a respectable matron, who invited us to enter her dwelling, and rest before ascending to a greater height. Embracing her offer, we found ourselves in a house consisting of one central and several side-rooms, all on one floor, forming sufficient accommodation for a family. This, it appeared, was the dwelling of the clock and bell keeper, and was so far a slyterij or public house, that wines were sold to visitors. In order to hear the woman's chat about her family, and the tower, and the bells, and the great clock, every tick of which we heard sounding like the stroke of a hammer, we asked her to fetch a bottle of her best French wine, and sitting down in a neat apartment of about ten feet square, cut out of the solid wall, we enjoyed a prospect from the window which was worth going at least twenty miles to see. The mistress of the establishment, as we learned on cross examination, had lived in the tower upwards of thirty years, and had here brought up a family of several sons and daughters, some of whom had not yet left the paternal mansion for a residence nearer the earth's surface. On remarking to what an enormous trouble she must be put in going up and down stairs on errands connected with the household, our anxiety on that score was set at rest, by the exhibition of a windlass and chain on the outside of the tower, with which every necessary article is wound up from the ground. When any persons below wish to send up so much as a letter to the family, they ring a bell, and the windlass is immediately put in requisition. By this contrivance, therefore, almost all communications are readily carried on between the family of the clock-keeper and the lower world. The noise which the wind makes at this altitude, is, according to the woman's account, sometimes truly dreadful, though habit has nearly banished all sense of danger. A year or two ago, a storm blew with such violence, that it dislodged a ponderous mass of building, which fell from the summit clear down through the tower to the bottom, dashing, in its destructive descent, through the house of the keeper, and leaving a monstrous hole in every vaulted story of the structure. Fortunately, none of the family were injured. The damages done on this occasion are at present in course of being repaired.

After resting a short time in the slyterij, we were conducted by a spiral stair to the higher part of the tower, paying a visit in passing to the floor containing the clock and bells. The bells are six in number, and of enormous size. Each is called after some saint, with whose name it had been baptised previous to its elevation by the Romish clergy. The largest of the group, which is styled *St Salvador*, is several tons in weight. Emerging upon a bartizan at the height of three hundred feet, a view of inconceivable extent greets the eye. On the west, the whole country towards the coast lies exposed to view from Rotterdam to Amsterdam, the church spires of both places, at the distance of sixty miles asunder, being equally conspicuous on the horizon. A much wider prospect than even that is to be seen by looking towards the south-east, where the turrets of *Bois-le-duc* are faintly discernible with the aid of a telescope, and from this point to Amsterdam, in an opposite direction, the distance cannot be less than from seventy to eighty miles. I am not aware that in any other part of the world so great an extent of territory can be taken in at one range of vision, from an artificial elevation, and no fact that could be mentioned can convey so impressive an idea of the extreme flatness of this part of the Netherlands. Towards the east, the prospect is much more limited. In this direction we see a richly wooded country, interspersed with fields waving in yellow grain and flowery buckwheat, and bounded in the distance with the rising hills of *Gnelderland*, which forms the most beautiful province of Holland. Within a few miles of Utrecht, in the midst of the woodland scene just alluded to, is seen the ancient village of *Zeist*, in which an establishment of *Moravians* is situated; and the spectator readily allows that these quiet and orderly religionists could not have chosen a more secluded and pleasant retreat. The immediate vicinity of Utrecht, particularly on this eastern side, abounds in wood, disposed in avenues and masses, and highly ornamental to the grounds near which the university is placed.

The university buildings, to which we walked after descending from the tower, are of a miscellaneous and plain order, without any outward show, and appa-

rently with little internal convenience. They possess museums of anatomy, pathology, and surgery, on a very extensive scale. One room containing models of diseased parts in coloured wax, exceeded all that I could have believed possible to accomplish in this branch of art. The museum of natural history, in a series of upper rooms, is likewise extensive, but after that of Leyden it appeared to great disadvantage, and excited little interest. The university of Utrecht, which was founded in 1630, has five faculties and nineteen professors; and with about six hundred students, ranks next to that of Leyden. The only other university in Holland is that of Groningen, in the extreme northern province of the same name, which by all accounts educates about four hundred students.

Utrecht has long maintained a name for the excellence of its education, as besides its college it is said to possess several schools of an advanced nature, equivalent to our higher order of academies. In the course of our ramble through the town, we visited the principal of these seminaries, which was established under the auspices of the local school commission and magistracy. As M. Cousin speaks highly of what he saw here, I was more than usually inquisitive. Yet I have nothing of the least value to communicate. The school consists of two chief departments; one for primary instruction after six years of age, and another for pupils after they have reached their tenth year. The latter learn French, a little mathematics and algebra, and also a little natural philosophy. I inquired if the pupils were taught such branches as animal physiology, astronomy, geology, chemistry, hydrostatics, optics, or, what is not less important, mental philosophy—the answer in each case was no, nothing of the kind. Laying these deficiencies out of view, the course of instruction appeared in all respects worthy of approbation; one decided improvement on the plan pursued in England consists in devoting those years of youth which we expend on Latin, to the important purpose of acquiring a thorough knowledge of French and other practically useful branches of instruction. As far as it goes, therefore, I believe that the school is deserving of the high character it bears. Its deficiencies are those of the educational institutions of Holland generally, as I shall take occasion to explain in my concluding remarks.

Utrecht boasts the possession of a national museum of agricultural implements, and at the recommendation of the Guide-books, we went to see it. Situated in an elegant mansion, once a palace of royalty, and consisting of a series of extensive saloons, I had reason to expect something worth visiting; but such a collection of, what shall I call them? rubbish—no, that is rather too strong a term; but it comes nearest their character, and so let it stand. The specimens of ploughs, harrows, grubbers, rollers, seed-sowers, carts, mills, and a thousand things besides, are amusing pieces of antiquity, some of which have been exploded in Scotland for at least a century. The exhibition, altogether, was calculated to excite both laughter and pity, if not contempt; for, no doubt, there are members of the Dutch government who possess a knowledge of the modern improvements in British implements of husbandry.

As Utrecht forms a provincial capital, and is the centre of a populous and generally agricultural neighbourhood, it is more bustling than is the case generally with the small Dutch cities. At present, its population amounts to about 36,000. The slightly elevated situation which the town enjoys, gives it a much more airy and dry appearance than what belongs to the other towns in Holland. Here, we can breathe with some degree of pleasure, and are not offended at every turn by the aspect of a sluggish canal or haven. The water-courses are few in number, and are managed in a very remarkable way. In the streets where they exist, the ground is dug out to the depth of from forty to fifty feet, with a corresponding breadth, and built up the sides. At the bottom of this long grave-like excavation, the water pursues its course on a level with the surrounding country. In order that the inhabitants of the adjacent houses may have the benefit of the water, a subterranean passage is made from the cellar story, proceeding below the street to the brink of the canal. In some cases an out-house is placed at the extremity of the passage, and there washing and other household operations are carried on.

Our next stage on the way was Gouda, a remarkably neat town, with beautiful woody environs, and possessing about 12,000 inhabitants. Gouda is unknown in Britain for any thing but its cheeses and its manufacture of tobacco-pipes; in Holland, however, it enjoys a reputation for objects of a very different nature, namely, its painted windows. These I had frequently heard spoken of, and now visited with much satisfaction. They are the windows of the old church of St John, a large Gothic structure, which is kept in excellent repair, and in a particularly cleanly condition. The windows are thirty-one in number, each measuring about thirty feet in height, with the exception of those of the transepts, which are nearly double that altitude, and all illuminated with pictorial representations in colours of the most brilliant hues. The subjects are either scriptural or allegorical, and are full of figures, whose robes in blue, purple, and red, shine with extraordinary lustre. The faces are the best part of the execution, the remainder of the figures being painted in a stiff and formal style, though nevertheless interesting from their antiquity. Besides

the large windows, there are several of a smaller size, chiefly blazoned with the coats of arms of the old Netherlandish nobility. In the vestry, copies of the whole on vellum are shown, and these far excel the originals both in point of drawing and colouring. The windows, as appears from the printed account which is sold by the beadle, were principally executed about the year 1560, and were presents from different towns and wealthy individuals, on the re-erection of the edifice after its destruction by an accidental fire. Their inspection afforded me a treat of no ordinary kind, and it was not without regret that I left them while the departing rays of the sun were still sufficiently strong to light them up.

A drive in a calash along an excellent brick-paved road, bordered for several miles with trees, brought us in a couple of hours to Rotterdam.

CANADIAN LUMBERERS.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF THE "BACKWOODS OF CANADA."

THE latter part of last winter was busily employed by us in drawing saw logs to the lake, having made an engagement with a gentleman to supply him with five hundred pine logs, for which he engaged to pay us half a dollar a log. These logs were to be twelve feet in length, and not less than sixteen inches in the square; many of them, however, far exceeded this standard. A fine clean pine will yield from five to six logs; the largest of these will frequently measure from three to four feet in diameter; but no difference is made in price between the very large and those that are just within the limits—they are taken one with another.

After the logs have been sawed to the proper length, they are placed on a wooden truck, a sort of rude lumber sleigh, or else simply fastened to the oxen by means of the logging chain, and thus conveyed over the snow to the ice; when the whole number are collected together, they are surrounded by a circular enclosure of timbers securely pinned together, to prevent the logs from floating away when the waters of the lakes rise, which they do to a considerable height after the melting of the snow and breaking up of the ice has swelled the tributary streams and springs.

After the owner of the logs has been duly advertised that the boom is completed, and you have called in two competent witnesses to bear testimony that the logs have been properly secured, you are no longer accountable for any accident that may happen to them. The proprietor, if he be a prudent person, then sends up some person to number and mark the timber, and at the proper season employs lumberers to form them into rafts, and guide them down the river to their destination.

It is a pretty sight of a cloudless summer day to watch the large pine rafts on our lake floating slowly down with the current, sometimes towed along by men in canoes, or else guided with long poles by the lumberers, who are stationed upon them. Now and then you will see a little hut or shed erected on the rafts, from which the thin blue smoke curls upwards, and floats like a gauzy veil among the branches of the trees that skirt the neighbouring shores; and the ear may catch at times the voices of the raftsmen singing and making rude melody, or hoarsely calling to their fellows. These sounds, when softened by the water and the distance, are far from unpleasant, and have the effect of soothing and cheering the spirits, while the eye is relieved by the sight of the busy crew, and the huge mass they are so gently guiding over the calm blue waters.

I have seen five or six such rafts pass down in one day. The men employed in the business of rafting earn great wages, and so they ought to do, for they are exposed to many hardships, and every vicissitude of weather, besides being often in the water up to the knees, and sometimes to their very waists for hours together while forming the rafts. When employed by timber-merchants to cut and square the pines, besides forming the rafts and conducting them down the river to the St Lawrence, they build themselves rude dwellings in the woods near the water side; and here, secluded from the world, and shut out from the society of their wives, mothers, and sisters, they pass weeks amid the solitudes of the lonely woods and unfrequented waters of these lakes. Yet, even in this savage sort of life, there seems to be a charm, for the raftsmen will dwell with infinite satisfaction on his life of peril and hardship, talk with enthusiasm of the gigantic trees he has felled, of the dangers he has escaped, of the game he has killed, or the fish he has speared. In short, he seems to pity those who are confined to the inglorious labours of the farm or the store, while he can roam free like any of the wild denizens of the forest.

I had often heard and read of the lawless conduct and wild manners of the men engaged in the occupation of lumbering; but I must say that the few men of this class that I have spoken to, were for the most part well-behaved, civil people, with much of the milk of human kindness in their hearts. Some of them were native Canadians; the rest were Irish.

I well remember one fine June morning—it was our second spring in this country—I was sitting on a log beside the garden gate, holding my little boy upon my lap, who was suffering under the influence of an ague fit, and I was glad to warm his chilled frame in the warm sunshine. A party of lumberers from a raft, having landed at the shore of our lake,

came up to me, and with great politeness asked my permission to take a live coal from the kitchen fire. This small boon was readily granted, and while one of the party was securing the coal between two cedar chips—for the better conveying it in safety to the lake shore, where they desired to kindle a fire by which to cook their frugal meal of salt pork and potatoes, or flour bannocks, baked in a frying-pan over the embers—the rest of the party drew near to the place where I was seated, and scanned, with compassionate eyes, my suffering babe. These rough men had kindly hearts, and expressed the tenderest sympathy for the child, and not less so for my anxiety on his behalf, cheering and soothing me with such expressions as genuine benevolence suggested. One took the little fellow's thin wasted hand in his, another patted his pallid cheek, and each in turn recommended some favourite remedy which had proved infallible in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred; but these receipts were all of too stimulating a nature to be ventured upon in the present instance, and I shook my head doubtfully when they told me of such doses as red pepper steeped in whisky, to be taken fasting; or a teaspoonful of black pepper mixed in a glass of proof spirits, to be taken with the coming on of the cold fit; or decoction of strong green tea, &c. &c.; these remedies might have their beneficial effects on persons living the life of lumberers, but I dared not administer such to a tender infant. The inner bark of the root of the sumach they also mentioned as a specific, and I have since seen it tried with success in several instances. They had all suffered from ague and lake fevers, they said, but now they had become so inured to the changes of heat and cold, wet and dry, that they were quite hardy, and would as soon be in the water as out of it.

These good men strove to comfort me by the assurance that the ague would not trouble us after the present year, or if it did return next spring, it would be of a much milder character. The first year of the emigrant coming out to Canada, he is generally safe from the attacks of ague and lake fever, unless exposed to some peculiarly unwholesome atmosphere, such as the low shores of swampy weedy lakes; but the second spring he rarely escapes; and the months of May, June, July, and August, are too often spent under the depressing effects of this distressing complaint. The working season is thus frequently lost, and many most melancholy instances of severe distress have fallen under my knowledge, where the poor emigrant's little means have been utterly consumed to supply a starving family of sick children with the merest necessities of life. The cow, the pig, every article of clothing that could possibly be dispensed with, have all gone in turn, till misery, and want, and despair, have almost brought them to the verge of the grave. I heard one poor woman relate, with tears streaming over her pale face, such a tale of woe, that the remembrance of its sad details yet grieves me. Her husband had been sick for fourteen months, and at last his sickness deprived him of his reason; and she, with several small children, could do but little in the rude labour of clearing the forest-encumbered ground; what they could do, they did; but the frost killed the potato crop, or nearly so, and brachy cattle made inroads into the ill-enclosed field, where they had contrived to sow and rake in a little spring wheat; this resource also failed them. Then came despair, and famine. For some days she declared they subsisted only on the wild leeks that grew in the forest; and, having been obliged to part with every spare garment, they beheld the coming on of the winter with unspeakable dread. To add to their distress, they were far from neighbours. The sufferings they endured for some time were of the most dreadful kind. This sad statement was borne witness to by a poor woman who chanced to come into the store at the time this poor creature was telling me her sad story. Since that time, I have met with many cases of almost similar distress arising from the loss of time occasioned by attacks of ague.

The prevailing opinion among the lower classes of settlers is—and I must think it a strange one—that the ague should not be stopped, but be let to run its course for some time. If you put it away, they say, it is sure to come again worse than at first; and that it often does return after a week or ten days, is certain; but if vigorously attacked with doses of calomel and quinine, it generally disappears entirely from that time. I have known persons who seemed constitutionally liable to returns of ague, or a sort of nervous intermitting, in the spring, and these aver their belief in its having arisen from their not letting the ague have its course the first year they were attacked by it; and so deeply rooted is this assurance, that it is in vain to contest it with them.

As far as regarded ourselves, the lumberers proved true prophets; the ague has never visited our house since that year. We always considered the rising of the water in the cellar to have been the primary cause of that season of suffering, and have taken precautions to prevent a recurrence of the evil. When we talk of cellars, I dare say you think we must have goodly stores of wines in them; but you are mistaken—for a cellar in a log-house is nothing more than a substitute for a root-house, and, in lieu of generous wines, is simply stored with potatoes, carrots, turnips, beets, and such like winter roots, with the addition possibly of barrels of pork and beef, or a firkin of salted butter; sometimes, if floored with boards, or paved, they are made to answer the purpose of a winter dairy; as it must be frost-proof, or the vegetables would be spoiled, it an-

swers the purpose of keeping the milk well. I have known milk frozen into a solid mass in a closet beside a stove in a warm parlour.

I have often wondered that the Indians were not more liable to ague, from their constant exposure to weather and other hardships; but though bilious fevers often prove fatal visitors to the Indian villages, you seldom hear of the ague. Under severe attacks of illness, the Indian constitution appears rapidly to sink. I am inclined to think the seeds of disease are sown very early in infancy and childhood, first by the unnatural confinement of the tender limbs and chest of the babe while strapped upon their wooden cradles—and afterwards from the hardships they endure. The older children are generally so miserably clad, that they must, and they do suffer greatly, from the vicissitudes of a climate where the sudden alternations from cold to heat, and from heat to comparative cold, are often very remarkable. Though you will sometimes see a boy of four or five panting under a heavy blanket coat in July and August, you as frequently notice the younger children and the little girls of that age shivering in cold wet weather, with no better covering than a thin cotton frock and cloth leggings; the latter merely clothe the leg from the knees downward, being fastened by straps and bands round the body. The result of such scanty clothing is, that the Indian children suffer from continual catarrhs, which must waste and weaken the constitution in time. While that terrible scourge, the influenza of 1837, passed slightly over the European settlers in this province, it proved fatal to many of the Indians, whose constitutions and peculiar mode of life made them sink more readily under its influence. It is thus, by slow but sure degrees, the native race are fading from the land of their fathers. The time will come when the smoke of the wigwam will no more be seen among the forest trees, nor the sound of the Indian's rifle be heard ringing through the woods. Let us be thankful when we reflect that it is by the hand of God, and not by the sword of extermination, that the Indians are disappearing. Beneath a merciful government, their rights are protected; they are not driven into banishment, as the natives of the south are at this day, exiled, broken-hearted, and burning with just indignation at the wrongs that have been heaped upon their devoted heads. The Indians of Canada fall asleep and are gathered to their fathers in peace, with the blessed light of Christianity shedding a peaceful glory above their graves.

WALKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE PRINT-ROOM.

STRANGERS who, in the course of their rambles in the metropolis, visit the British Museum, and find amusement in strolling through the extensive saloons of that great national institution, are in general little aware of the nature or value of different repositories of curiosities in the establishment, which do not come specially under their notice. One of the most interesting of these departments is the Print-Room, or chamber containing the valuable collection of engravings and drawings possessed by the institution. It would be impossible to admit visitors promiscuously to the print-room, as in the case of most other divisions of the establishment, without incurring the most serious risk of injury to the collection, as well as of loss, seeing that the prints are open in books, and cannot be viewed in close glass-cases, but must be put actually into the hands of those to whom they are shown. A respectable introduction, therefore, to one of the trustees, is requisite to give the right of entrée to this portion of the museum, and the necessity for such a regulation, it must be admitted, removes from it all semblance of illiberality. The little trouble necessary to accomplish this preliminary object will not, most certainly, be thrown away, as the following brief notice of the print-room may in part show.

The collection of engravings and drawings now lodged in the British Museum, is valued (speaking roundly) at the sum of £100,000. The foundation of this large collection was laid at a very early period; but up till the year 1799, the print-room formed merely an appendage of the library of the institution. In that year, the Rev. C. M. Cracherode bequeathed to the museum (or rather to the country, whose property the whole museum is) a collection of engravings and drawings so extensive and valuable, that a separate room was allotted to them, and the charge of it given to the keeper of the antiquities, aided by an assistant keeper, whose more especial duty it was to take care of this department. Another magnificent bequest of the same nature from Mr Payne Knight in 1824, with the subsequent purchase of the collections of Mr Sheepshanks and others, enhanced so greatly the importance and value of the contents of the print-room, that the trustees separated it, in 1837, from the department of antiquities, and elevated it to the condition of an independent division of the museum. It was then placed under the charge of Mr Josi, a gentleman excellently qualified for the office, and of whose kindness in assisting visitors and answering inquiries we can speak from very pleasing experience.

The engravings and other contents of the print-room are now arranged in large portfolios, to the leaves of which they are attached. These portfolios are placed in cases or presses with glass fronts, which stand around the walls; and in the centre of the print-room are several large tables, with stands upon them, for the convenience of students, copyists, and other visitors. In general, the portfolios are elegantly as well as substantially bound and backed, and give a fine appearance to the apartment. Among the various individual objects that are worthy of inspection and notice, the first we shall advert to is a piece of carved work by the famous German painter, Albert Durer. This carving is in a species of fine German stone, usually named *hone*, and measures only eight inches in height by five and three-fourths in breadth. It represents the birth of St John; and no one, however inexperienced his taste may be in such matters, can fail to be struck and charmed with the extraordinary minuteness of finish and truth to nature observable in the figures, which are pretty numerous, and are in strong relief. Into all the faces, including even that of the infant saint, minute as they are, the artist has succeeded in infusing character and expression, as perfectly, almost, as if the figures had been of full size. The value put upon this gem, which is enclosed in a small black frame, is very great. Mr Payne Knight gave five hundred pounds for it at Antwerp forty years ago, and, if put to sale, it would now bring upwards of two thousand pounds. Another very remarkable isolated object in the print-room, is an impression, being the first ever taken from a plate. Maso Finiguerra, of Florence, was the person who by chance discovered, about the year 1460, the art of taking impressions in sulphur, and afterwards on paper, as in the instance of this engraving. For this rarity, so interesting from its connection with the origin of the engraver's art, the sum of two hundred and seventy-five pounds was paid by the trustees of the museum to the Duke of Buckingham. Considering that such is the value assigned to a proof from the first plate that ever gave forth impressions, what may we suppose the value to be of the plate itself, which actually exists in the museum at Florence? We may well believe that many thousand pounds would not purchase it from the Florentines.

Out of the fifty-four thousand prints and ten thousand drawings which form the general contents of the print-room of the British Museum, many individual pieces are valued, like those now mentioned, at surprisingly high prices. The collection is peculiarly rich in the works of the early masters, including under that name not so much engravers, as the most famous of the old painters, many of whom etched as well as painted. Therefore we find in the collection numerous etchings, by great painters, from their own works, as well as engravings of the most celebrated of these works by others. The first sketches, too, and rough draughts of great pictures, and other drawings of a more finished kind, by painters of celebrity, constitute no trifling or uninteresting part of the collection.

The print-room is particularly rich in the works of the early Italian schools, and scarcely less so in the etchings of the Dutch and Flemish schools. None of the portfolios in the room, however, are upon the whole regarded as superior in value to the etchings by Rembrandt. The prices brought by these when exposed to sale are most extraordinary, and the wonder is doubled to those little acquainted with the subject, by the nature of the qualities which constitute, or at least enhance, the value in individual instances. The mere excellence or beauty of the etching has, to appearance, but little influence on the matter. "Beauty," says Dr Samuel Johnson, in a passage (in the *Idler*) which well illustrates this very point, "is far from operating upon rarity-collectors as upon low and vulgar minds, even where beauty might be thought the only quality that could deserve notice. An irregular contortion of a turbaned shell, which common eyes pass unregarded, will ten times treble its price in the imagination of philosophers. The fate of prints and coins is equally inexplicable. Some prints are treasured up as inestimably valuable, because the impression was made before the plate was finished"—and so on. What was true in Samuel Johnson's day is not less so at present, as regards this point. Among Rembrandt's etchings there are numberless evidences of the correctness of the last remark, and the cause may be thus explained. In executing an engraving, the old artists used to have a number of proofs thrown off, at successive stages, in order to satisfy themselves as to the progress and condition of the work. But often, in attempting to improve, they injured their pieces, and this is one reason for the superior value of some early and scarcely finished impressions. By the ancient mode of engraving the plates became soon deteriorated, which is another reason for the superiority of early proofs. The following circumstances, relative to Rembrandt's etchings, will practically illustrate these points. One unfinished proof of the engraving of the "Angels appearing to the Shepherds" is computed to be worth, and would now fetch, the sum of two hundred pounds. Another engraving representing "Christ and the Woman at the Well," is valued at one hundred pounds, being chiefly notable as having been taken "before the copper-plate was reduced in size." A third engraving, the "Portrait of Abraham Franz," is valued at two hundred and fifty pounds, and is cherished as being

"in the first state, with the curtain, and the sun's rays shining around"—characteristics which were subsequently, we may suppose, effaced before the common impressions were thrown off. Another engraving seems to possess precisely similar attractions, being the "Portrait of Ephraim Borms, with a black ring on his finger." This etching sold for three hundred pounds. Then we have "the little Portrait of Coppenol, a writing-master, in the very first state, the hand being unfinished, and the pair of compasses not yet put on the wall." These shining properties, distinguishing the engraving from the common impressions, cause the little Coppenol to bear a value of two hundred pounds. Another portrait of Coppenol, called the *large one*, is valued at no less than five hundred pounds, and would, it is thought, bring even more at this day at any sale. The test of its quality seems to be the possession of a "white background, with a very large margin." On inquiring what virtue was supposed to lie in a large margin, it was answered to us that the margins used always to be cut away formerly, and that engravings retaining them are so rare as to be thought much more valuable. Many other etchings by Rembrandt are scarcely less highly prized than those mentioned, and for similar reasons. A "Christ healing the Sick," and "Christ presented to the People," are priced at two hundred pounds each, and a "Portrait of Van Toll" sold four years ago for about two hundred and fifteen pounds.

Looking at the preceding prices (which are not nominal, but have been mostly either paid or offered for the prints), our readers may suppose that these etchings by Rembrandt are at least very large, and in some respects very grand things. But they in reality seldom exceed a very few inches in length or breadth, and, although full of force and character, are altogether coarse and rough-looking performances—seemingly, to common eyes, very rude pieces in comparison with the adornments of our modern Books of Beauty, though perfect treasures in the estimation of artists. Their great general value, in truth, is their rarity, numbers of them being undoubtedly unique; and their individual and relative value consists in their being first impressions, or in their being otherwise worthy of the admiration of connoisseurs. The same qualities, of course, affect other etchings in the same way as they do those of Rembrandt. For example, among the engravings of the old Italian artist Marc Antonio—a very fine collection of prints after the works of the Italian schools—there is an engraving of "the Pest" from one master, which is a proof impression, and is one hundred pounds in value. A "David cutting off the head of Goliath, without the monogram," is valued at forty-five pounds; and a "Martyrdom of St Cecilia" at forty pounds, the value in this latter case being tested by the circumstance of the engraver not having had time, seemingly, to give the saint one of her ears. This deficiency, no doubt, is held to prove the early throwing off of the impression. The engravings of Marc Antonio are very extensive. Those of Rembrandt fill two or three large portfolios, but of many pieces, it ought to be mentioned, there are various successive impressions, showing the progressive attempts of the artist to bring the plate to perfection. It is extremely curious in some cases to trace this progress, which reveals the operations, as it were, of the artist's mind. Often portion after portion is scraped out, until the first conception seems to have escaped the artist, and he has nearly obliterated the whole.

These cases will afford an example of the great value set on some prints—which value, although the qualities determining it seem so fanciful, can scarcely be held unreal, so long as a large class of persons are willing, nay would be delighted, to purchase by that high standard. Of course, however, there are few of the contents of the print-room that will compare in value with the rare relics of Rembrandt and Marc Antonio. Perhaps, out of all the other portions of the collection, few of the portfolios are so interesting and valuable as the fourteen volumes entitled "Pennant's London Illustrated," and which were left to the museum by the Rev. Mr Crowle. These volumes contain a notice, and in most instances a portrait, of every individual named in Pennant's work on London, as well as a representation and description of every house or other object of note alluded to in the same production. If a criminal has been adverted to by Pennant, you find in these illustrations his likeness, his last speech, and probably a sketch of his history. If a king or noble is mentioned by the author, you receive from the Illustrator a splendid portrait, and explanatory letter-press pasted below it, or on its back. The time, trouble, and expense, requisite to collect these illustrations, must have been immense. The volumes undoubtedly contain many sketches, both from pen and pencil, of which no other copies exist; and their value is incalculable, particularly to any one desirous of investigating the private history of London.

Among the other volumes, there are many splendid collections of engravings after the more modern English masters. Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds (in thirteen volumes), Benjamin West (American), Sir Thomas Lawrence, and many others, ornament the print-room. One work may be mentioned as particularly interesting among the engravings of British painters. This is a series of engraved portraits from the numerous paintings collected by Grainger, illustrated by valuable and elaborate accounts of the individuals therein represented. A similar copy of the

Clarendon collection of portraits exists. The whole of the works of the famous engravers, Woollett, Strange, and Bartolozzi, are also in the collection.

It is unnecessary to mention individually any others of the beautiful works which hold a place in the cases of the print-room. To students and young aspirants in the arts of painting and engraving, the collection must be useful, we should think, beyond conception. To such parties, a portion of the collection little noticed here, must be as serviceable as any other. We allude to the portfolios containing the first rude sketches—the half-formed conceptions—of great works by the masters of the art. These occupy a considerable number of volumes, and must have been collected at the cost of much time, labour, and expense. It is matter of regret that the collection was not rendered more complete, by the addition of those pieces which were purchased some time since by the Prince of Orange, and now decorating the walls of his palace at the Hague. There is also another department of art in which the print-room is rich—namely, in architectural engravings and drawings. Here again is provided a splendid field for youthful study, and in a line of art more openly and directly beneficial perhaps to the public, than is the case with the branches previously alluded to. From this point, therefore, a strong argument might be drawn, if one were called upon to defend or show the value of such a collection as this. But, in reality, to doubt this would be to doubt the beneficial influence of all the arts of refinement and civilisation. As so much of this splendid collection has been derived from the labours of private collectors, we may apply to conclude by quoting Dr Johnson's views of such tastes and practices. "The pride or the pleasure of making collections, if it be restrained by prudence and morality, produces a pleasing remission after more laborious studies; furnishes an amusement not wholly unprofitable for that part of life—the greater part of many lives—which would otherwise be lost in idleness or vice; it produces a useful traffic between the industry of indigence and the curiosity of wealth; it brings many things to notice that would be neglected; and, by fixing the thoughts upon intellectual pleasures, resists the natural encroachments of sensuality, and maintains the mind in her lawful superiority."

POPULAR FALLACIES ABOUT THE MOON.

THE late laborious researches of M. Arago respecting the supposed influence of the Moon on the state of the weather, and on animal and vegetable bodies, are ably reported in two articles, respectively published in the first and seventh numbers of the *Monthly Chronicle*, a new periodical which bears the comprehensive title of "a National Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art," and which is understood to be under the management of able writers in all of these departments. The Influence of the Moon on the Weather forms the subject of the first article. From a very early period, meteorological phenomena were supposed to be connected with the lunar motions; nor was this supposition unnatural, considering the obvious and undeniable, though at the same time mysterious, influence of the same planet on the tides. Originally, however, the moon and other heavenly bodies were regarded more as *signs* than *causes*, as far as atmospheric phenomena were concerned; but in course of time these signs degenerated into a most absurd system of rules, having no real foundation in nature.

The following, for example, is one of the axioms regarding the moon's influence:—"If the horns of the lunar crescent, on the third day after new moon, are sharply and clearly defined, the weather may be expected to be fair during the ensuing month." The absurdity of this is made apparent by the plain argumentation subjoined. "The lunar crescent is produced by a peculiar relation of position which subsists between the aspects of the moon presented to the sun and the earth. If only half the hemisphere which receives the sun's light be presented towards the earth, the moon is exactly halved; if a quarter of the hemisphere be turned to the earth, the moon is a crescent, and its age is then nearly four days. When its age is less than two days, therefore, less than an eighth of its illuminated hemisphere is presented to our planet, and consequently it appears as a very thin crescent. It is evident that these effects, if seen through perfectly transparent space, could not alter with circumstances, and that, in the same position of the moon, with respect to the earth and sun, the crescent must be at all times equally sharp and distinct. But when the moon is viewed (as it is by us) through an atmosphere from thirty to forty miles high—that atmosphere being liable to be more or less loaded with imperfectly transparent vapours—it will be seen with more or less distinctness, according to the varying transparency of the medium through which it is viewed. The fact, therefore, of the crescent appearing distinct and well defined, or obscurely with the points of the horns blunted, is merely a consequence of our atmosphere being at one time more pure, clear, and transparent, than at another."

Another axiom of lunar meteorology declares, that

"if on the fourth day the moon project no shadow, we are to expect bad weather during the month." In this instance, also, the moon simply serves as an instrument to determine the humidity of the air; for as the quantity of light reflected from the moon must be always the same, its intensity on reaching our earth, or in other words its power to produce a shadow, must be determined by the amount of vapours in the atmosphere which it passes through. The proposition, therefore, is identical with the last; and only means, that when "the atmosphere in the west, a little after sunset, on the fourth day of the moon, is loaded with humidity, the weather during the month will be bad." These two propositions, accordingly, couched under such seemingly profound terms, signify no more than that we shall always have bad weather during any given month, if the atmosphere in the western horizon is vapoury for an hour or two, on a certain evening, towards its beginning—a proposition most superlatively lame, impotent, and inconclusive.

The ingenious writer of these papers, after exhibiting the fallacy of such axioms as these, proceeds to examine the justice of the very common notion that "a change of weather accompanies a change of the moon." The long train of scientific reasoning which follows on this subject would occupy too much of our space, and we shall content ourselves, therefore, with stating the conclusion to which the writer arrives. "From all that has been stated, it follows, then, conclusively, that the popular notions concerning the influence of the lunar phases on the weather have no foundation in theory, and no correspondence with observed facts. That the moon, by her gravitation, exerts an attraction on our atmosphere, cannot be doubted; but its effects are either too small in amount to be appreciable in the actual state of meteorological instruments, or they are obliterated by other more powerful causes, from which they have not yet been eliminated." The notion, therefore, that a change is to be looked for at full and new moon, venerable as that notion is from its antiquity and the universality of its acceptance, receives no countenance from the results of scientific inquiry.

The supposed influence of the moon is not confined to the weather. Gardeners in some countries have an idea that the *red moon* kills the young shoots of plants. The red moon is that which is full between the middle of April and the close of May. Now, in charging such a moon with an injurious effect on plants, the accusers simply mistake a sign for a cause. Plants are killed frequently at that season as if by frosts, though, on the nights when the death takes place, a thermometer in the open air may stand many degrees above the freezing point. Observing this to be the case, gardeners can see no cause for the evil done to the plants but the lunar light, which they notice to be always keen and strong at the period. But, in reality, the state of the atmosphere is the true cause of the injury to the vegetables. On clear and unclouded nights, substances on the earth's surface lose heat by radiation, while the sky is not in a state to restore to them any of their lost warmth. Ice is, in fact, produced in warm climates, under such circumstances. But if the atmosphere be clouded, these clouds, having the quality of radiating heat, restore the caloric radiated from substances on the surface of the earth. On cloudy nights, accordingly, when the moon is veiled, plants receive no injury by the radiation of their heat; while, on cloudless nights, when the moon is vivid and unveiled, plants are injured. The moon falsely bears the blame, whereas, in reality, she is only a sign of that condition of the atmosphere which is justly chargeable with the injury. There is another equally erroneous aphorism respecting the influence of the moon on vegetables. Almost all European gardeners and agriculturists hold that vegetables, plants, and trees, which are expected to thrive, should be planted, grafted, and pruned, during the *increase of the moon*. One supporter of this theory has thus attempted to prove its accordance with physical principles:—"During the day, the solar heat augments the quantity of sap which circulates in plants, by increasing the magnitude of the tubes through which the sap moves; while the cold of the night produces the opposite effect, by contracting these tubes. Now, at the moment of sunset, if the moon be increasing, it will be above the horizon, and the warmth of its light would prolong the circulation of the sap; but, during its decline, it will not rise for a considerable time after sunset, and the plants will be suddenly exposed to the unmitigated cold of the night, by which a sudden contraction of leaves and tubes will be produced, and the circulation of the sap as suddenly obstructed." This is the best reasoning which can be adduced by its supporters in favour of this doctrine, and, unfortunately for them, the whole can be very simply shown to be based on error—though no matter of moonshine. "If we admit (says the writer in the *Monthly Chronicle*) the lunar rays to possess any sensible caloric power, this reasoning might be allowed; but it will have very little force when it is considered that the extreme change of temperature which can be produced by the lunar light does not amount to the ten-thousandth part of a degree of the thermometer!" But, in truth, argumentation is not required to overturn this fallacy. It is enough that experiment decisively shows that no appreciable difference can be observed in the qualities of vegetables planted at different times in the lunar month. Pliny's prescription of the full moon as the time for bean-sowing, and of the new moon as the

season for putting lentils in the earth, excites a smile in M. Arago. "Truly, we have need," says he, "of a robust faith to admit, without proof, that the moon, at the distance of 240,000 miles, shall in one position act advantageously on the vegetation of beans, and that, at the same distance, and in the opposite position, she shall be propitious to lentils." It is strange how long these and other fallacies relative to the supposed influence of the moon on vegetables, have held a place among the practical and every-day aphorisms of mankind, without being supported even by the shadow of a fair argument!

"It is a prevalent notion in some parts of Europe, that the moon's light is attended with the effect of *darkening the complexion*." Here, again, the "silver regent of the sky" gets the repute of effecting changes which seem to be more properly attributable to other causes. The sun's rays have, it is well known, a striking effect on the colour of many objects, but the moon's rays appear to possess but little of the same power. The white chloride of silver becomes a deep black when laid in the sun, while the moon's rays do not affect it in the least. This and other circumstances lead us to doubt the moon's power in blackening the skin. M. Arago thinks it not improbable that the radiation of unreturned heat from the skin may tend to darken its hue when exposed to the air on a clear cold night. Bivouacking by night in the open air soon deepens the tint of the human face. But here it is not the moon that acts, although the true cause will operate often when the moon is unveiled by clouds, as in the case of the vegetables already adverted to. A clear moonless night will have the same effect as a clear night with a visible moon.

There is a prevailing notion amongst butchers, in some parts of the world, that the marrow found in the bones of animals varies in quantity according to the phase of the moon in which they were slaughtered. Experiments, instituted for the purpose, have proved this belief to be without foundation, and this is the only mode of refutation which the subject will admit of. The same answer may be given to the assertions that shell-fish become larger during the increase than during the decline of the moon, and that a healthy man gains two pounds weight at the beginning of every lunar month, which he loses ere its end. Experiment disproves both. Another common idea is, that *putrefaction* is forwarded by the light of the moon. This is another instance—if the fact really be as stated—of the substitution of the moon for the clear sky, which permits the moon to be visible. It is in clear nights that dew is deposited, and humidity has a tendency to accelerate putrefaction.

Passing over several minor instances, noticed by our authority, of supposed lunar influence, we come to that opinion which has given origin to the word *lunatic*, as applied to insane persons. From a very early period, human diseases, generally, were held to be deeply connected with the planetary bodies. The critical seasons of almost all maladies were conceived by Hippocrates and Galen to be affected by the moon's phases. All ideas of this kind, however, have now been banished from medicine, excepting as regards insanity, and nervous or brain diseases in general. There still are persons, and even physicians, who maintain that the paroxysms of insane persons are more violent when the moon is at full than at other times. Those who support this opinion refer to numbers of recorded cases in proof of it. Lunar eclipses, in particular, are referred to as having been frequently instrumental in exciting manias to outrageous paroxysms, as well as in causing death both to persons in this unfortunate state, and to others. Mathiolus Faber writes of a maniac, who at the moment of a lunar eclipse became furious, seized a sword, and fell upon all around. In 1693, an Italian physician found a great number of deaths to occur on the occasion of an eclipse, during the prevalence of a fever. But an eclipse, it must be remembered, was a source of profound terror in those days, and it is certain that it has now no such effects. A careful examination of cases of mental aberration, will in all likelihood lead to a similar conviction that the moon has really nothing whatever to do with insanity, or any other disorders of the brain.

RUSSIAN BAPTISM.

It is always performed by immersion. In the rich houses, two tables are laid out in the drawing-room by the priests; one is covered with holy images, on the other is placed an enormous silver basin, filled with water surrounded by small wax tapers. The chief priest begins by consecrating the font, and plunging a silver cross repeatedly in the water; he then takes the child, and, after reciting certain prayers, undresses it completely. The process of immersion takes place twice, and so rigorously, that the head must disappear under the water; the infant is then restored to its nurse, and the sacrament is finally administered. In former times, when a child had the misfortune to be born in winter, it was plunged without pity under the ice, or into water of the same temperature. In the present day, that rigour has been relaxed by permission of the church, and warm water substituted for the other; but the common people still adhere scrupulously to the ancient practice in all seasons. On these occasions numbers of children are baptised at the same time on the ice, and the cold often proves fatal to them. It sometimes happens, also, that a child slips through the hands of the priest, and is lost, in which case he only exclaims, "God has been pleased to take this infant to himself: hand me another;" and the poor people submit to their loss without a murmur, as the dispensation of heaven.—*Raikes's City of the Czar.*

THE MODERN PATAGONIANS.

PATAGONIA is the name of that very extensive but comparatively barren tract of country which occupies nearly the whole southern extremity of South America beyond the thirty-eighth parallel of south latitude; that is, from the boundaries of the united provinces of the Rio de la Plata, to the Straits of Magalhaens. Some of the tribes inhabiting this vast territory have long been proverbial for their gigantic stature; indeed, they were at one time supposed very nearly to render Gulliver's nation of Brobdingnagians no fiction. The first who made generally known to Europeans the existence of this race of giants, was the celebrated Commodore Byron, whose artless and fascinating narrative has charmed the youth of several generations. Previously, however, to the landing of Byron on the shores of Patagonia, its inhabitants had been visited by Falkner, the Jesuit missionary, who, after passing forty years of his life in these unknown regions, on the expulsion of his order from South America in 1760-8, returned to his native country, and published an "Account of Patagonia." He states, that the Cacique Cangapol stood seven feet some inches high, and that when on tip-toe he could not reach the top of his head. It is a curious coincidence that Byron could just touch the top of one of their heads, as is mentioned by one of his companions in a letter of which the following is part:—"The commodore, who is very near six feet, could but just reach the top of one of their heads, which he attempted on tip-toes; and there were several taller than him on whom the experiment was tried. They are prodigious stout, and as well and as proportionally made as ever I saw a people in my life. The women, I think, bear much the same proportion to the men as our Europeans do; there was hardly a man there less than eight feet, most of them considerably more. The women, I believe, run from seven and a half to eight feet." Not long after Byron's return, Captain Wallis visited the Straits of Magalhaens, and whilst to a certain extent he corroborated the statements of the preceding navigator and his companions as to the great size of the Patagonians, he gave a materially different account of their exact height. He had purposely provided himself with measuring rods, and found that the tallest man amongst them measured just six feet seven inches high; several others were within an inch or two of being as tall; but the ordinary size was from five feet ten inches to six feet. Subsequent voyagers gave various accounts of these people, no two of them agreeing in the same description. But mankind are lovers of the marvellous; and an opinion was very generally entertained that both Byron and Wallis had asserted the truth, and that their statements might be reconciled by supposing that they had examined not the same, but different tribes of people. Countenance was given to this opinion by the fact, that, to go no farther than the Highlands of Scotland, we find there one clan of the Campbells remarkably tall, and another of the Frasers remarkably short.

After the lapse of about half a century, correct and unquestionable information has been obtained regarding the Patagonians, from the commanders of the Adventure and Beagle, two ships which, during the years between 1825 and 1836, were employed in a survey of the southern coasts of South America. In a communication made to the Royal Geographical Society, one of the voyagers states:—"The aboriginal natives of Patagonia are a tall and extremely stout race of men. Their bodies are bulky; their heads and features are large, but their hands and feet are small. Their limbs are neither so muscular nor so large-boned as their height and apparent bulk would induce one to suppose: they are rounder and smoother than those of white men. Their colour is a rich reddish brown, rather deeper than that of copper, yet not so dark as good mahogany. Nothing is worn upon the head except their rough, lank, and coarse black hair, which is tied above the temples by a fillet of plaited or twisted sinews. A large mantle, made of skins sewed together, loosely gathered about them, hanging from the shoulders to their ankles, adds so much to the bulkiness of their appearance, that one ought not to wonder at their having been called giants."

I am not aware that any Patagonian has appeared during late years, whose height exceeded six feet and some inches; but I see no reason to disbelieve the Jesuit Falkner's account of the Cacique Cangapol, whose height, he says, was seven feet and some inches. Who disbelieves that the Roman Emperor Maximinus, by birth a Thracian, was more than eight feet high? yet who, in consequence, expects all Thracians to be giants? Among two hundred or three hundred natives of Patagonia, scarcely half a dozen men are seen whose height is under five feet nine or ten inches: the women are proportionally tall. I have nowhere seen an assemblage of men and women, whose average height, and apparent bulk, equalled that of the Patagonians. Tall and athletic as are many of the South Sea Islanders, there are also many among their number who are slight, and of lower stature. The Patagonians seem to be high shouldered, owing, perhaps, to their habit of folding their arms (across their chest) in their mantles, and thus increasing their apparent height and bulk, because the mantles hang loosely, and almost touch the ground. Until actually measured, it is difficult to believe that they are not much taller than is the case. "This description is so precise," says a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "and from measurements having been made, so satisfactory, that the question as to the actual size of the Patagonians may be regarded as completely set at rest. Is it more improbable that there should be races of men above the European standard, than it is that there should be races whose height is below it? Yet we know beyond a doubt that the Esquimaux are so." We entirely concur in these sentiments, and shall conclude by a short account of their personal appearance and modes of life.

Little hair grows on the faces or bodies of the Patagonians; from the former it is carefully removed by two shells, or some kind of pinners. Their naturally coarse features are not further disfigured by piercing either nose or lip, but they bedaub their bodies with paints of various colours, making grotesque figures, such as circles, around

the eyes, or great marks across their faces. This is a species of ornamental body-painting, practised by all the different races of men who inhabit the country from Buenos Ayres to Cape Horn. They make the skins of horses' hind legs into boots; spurs made of iron, if they can get it, but of wood if they cannot; sets of balls, such as are used by the Indians of the Pampas (that is, two or three balls connected by a thong or hide, which they throw at animals or men, to entangle and disable them); a long, tapering lance, and a knife, if one can be procured, complete their equipment. "The women," says the navigator already quoted, "are dressed and booted like the men, with the addition of a half petticoat. They clean their hair, and plait it into two tails. Ornaments of brass, beads, bits of coloured glass, or such trifles, are prized by them. Mounted upon horses of a middle size, under fifteen hands high, and rather well bred, the Patagonians seem to be carried no better than dragons who ride eighteen stone upon horses able to carry ten; yet they go at full speed in chase of ostriches or guanacos. When hunting or making long journeys, they often change horses. The huts of these wanderers are somewhat like gipsy tents. Poles are stuck in the ground, to which others are fixed. Over them are thrown the skins of animals. An irregular tilt-like hut is thus formed." The Patagonians appear to possess nothing like towns, but to lead a wandering and unsettled life like that of the Tartars. They are the Ishmaelites of South America. In their character they display none of those ferocious features exhibited by some of the other tribes who inhabit this continent. They are said to be not only peaceable, but exceedingly tractable.

THE TABLE-CLOTH PHENOMENON OF THE CAPE.

ONE of the most remarkable natural appearances of which we ever read, occurs during the summer season in the vicinity of Cape Town, at the Cape of Good-Hope. It is a dense mantle of vapour, which rests upon Table Mountain, and rushes over its precipitous sides like a cataract of foam, and which the inhabitants designate by the name of the Table-Cloth. We shall draw up a brief account of this phenomenon from the description of Mr Webster, surgeon of the Chanticleer, who witnessed it. In summer the prevailing wind is the south-east, and it bears in some degree an analogy to the trade-winds and sea-breezes of the tropics. When sufficiently strong to surmount the Table Mountain, the first indication of the fact is a little mist, which is seen to float like a thin fleecy cloud on a part of it, about ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon. By noon the mountain becomes fringed with dew; and half an hour later, the mist is so dense as to produce a general obscuration. In another half hour the little cleft between what is called the Devil's Berg (mountain) and the Table Mountain, pours over the cloudy vapour; and at two o'clock the first-named elevation is capped by the cloud. The Table-Cloth is now said to be completely spread; the south-east wind, having, so to speak, overflowed the towering barrier which arrested its course, now rushes down the mountain into Table Bay with resistless fury, producing loud and terrific noises as it forces its way onwards, and accompanied by a curious exhibition, an account of which we shall give in Mr Webster's own words:—"While the Table Mountain remains covered with the dense cloud, fragments of the vapour are torn from it by the force of the wind, and are hurried about the sides of the mountain, assuming a variety of fantastic shapes, and playing about the precipice according to the direction of the different currents of wind. This phenomenon lasts till about five in the afternoon, when a little clearing, which takes place on the western edge of the mountain, announces that the Table-Cloth is about to be folded up. By six or seven, the clearing has considerably advanced; and by eight or nine, every vestige of it is gone, and nothing is seen about the mountain but an ethereal sky and the twinkling stars."

Such is the singular phenomenon of the Table-Cloth during the prevalence of the south-east wind. When it continues to blow during the night, the mantle of vapour disappears in the same manner. In this case, a little white cloud is seen suspended like a canopy over Table Mountain early in the morning. By ten o'clock the vapour begins to curl and play about the mountain, and exactly the same phenomenon takes place as before. When the wind is only of short duration, and in a hot clear day, the first indication of the approaching gale is the vapour resting in scattered parcels on the mountain. These augment as the wind increases, but it is not till the whole elevation is covered, that it forces its way with such violence down the precipice. In the evening about nine, the Table-Cloth is gone, and with it the wind, when a calm and beautiful night succeeds. A true solution of the whole appearance, with the circumstances attending it, does not seem yet to have been given. Probably, Sir John Herschel, during his residence in this quarter of the globe, may have made such observations as will throw light upon it. In the meanwhile, we present the following statement of facts as ascertained by Mr Webster:—"At the base of the mountain, on the south-east side, there is little or no wind; on the summit of the mountain, during the strongest period of the south-east wind, there is only a light air, accompanied by a raw cold mist and drizzling rain. Lower down in the cleft a brisker current of air is felt; lower still, near the limits of the mist, the strength of the wind is greater; and below this again, where there is a clear blue sky overhead, the wind rushes down with great impetuosity, occasioning a loud howling noise. All this time a violent gale is passing over the heated plain of Cape Town. During the whole period of the south-east wind, the sky is a beautiful Italian blue; not a vestige of cloud is to be seen, excepting those resting on the mountains. The line of demarcation between the vapour rolling over the sides of the mountain and the clear atmosphere, is as distinct as if a huge table-cloth were thrown over its top, and hung down its sides."

The prevalent theory explanatory of the Table-Cloth is, that the south-east wind passing over the ocean is loaded

with moisture, and that the coldness of the Table Mountain condenses it. But this hypothesis is totally destroyed by the fact, that the south-east wind is generally of a very dry and evaporative nature, as was fully proved by experiments with the hygrometer and thermometer. Mr Webster observes, "For my own part, I cannot account for it; nor can I accede to any explanation which I have seen of it. It is a superb phenomenon, and on a more extended scale here, perhaps, than any where else. I cannot help thinking that the impetus of the south-east wind partly proceeds from its rarification by heat, thus enlarging its volume, and setting its particles in motion." The mantle of vapour, we are told, deposits an immense quantity of moisture on Table Mountain. The question then is, Whence comes this vapour? We are informed that it is neither brought by the wind nor deposited from the atmosphere. There is then no other place that it can come from but the surface of the ground. It is well known that very remarkable variations of the density of the atmosphere are produced by currents of air or winds. In the absence, therefore, of any other explanation of the phenomenon, we hazard the opinion, that when the south-east wind begins to blow, a rarification of the atmosphere takes place, arising first from the peculiar arrangement or relative position of the mountains, and, secondly, from the direction in which the wind blows upon them. That rarification of the air from similar causes does occur, is a well-established fact, and we see no reason why it should not take place in the present instance—nay, there is every reason for thinking that it does so. The immediate consequence of this decrease in the pressure of the air, is the ascent of moisture from the ground, or from any collected body of water whatsoever. Mr Webster makes no mention of the barometer having been used; now, in our apprehension of the matter, this instrument was essentially necessary; and until its indications are known during the continuance of the phenomenon, every theory explanatory of it must be regarded as "NOT PROVEN."

SINGULAR ANOMALY IN REGARD TO CLIMATE.

CAPTAIN KING, commander of the expedition of the surveying vessels Adventure and Beagle, mentions some very remarkable facts relative to the climate of the southern extremity of South America. If we take the thermometer as a test of climate, that of Terra del Fuego must be considered as cold, and in some parts particularly rigorous from the region being much exposed to winds which bring a succession of rain, sleet, or snow. Here, in the winter months, that is, from April to August, the ground is covered with a layer of snow from six inches to two or three feet in depth, and even in summer the temperature is low; yet flowers of the most delicate nature flourish in abundance. "I have myself," says Captain King, "seen vegetation thriving most luxuriantly, and large woody stemmed trees of *Fuselia* and *Veronica* (the stems of both from six to seven inches in diameter), in England considered and treated as tender plants, in full flower, within a very short distance of the base of a mountain covered for two-thirds down with snow, and with the temperature at 36 degrees. In the summer the temperature at night was frequently as low as 29 degrees Fahrenheit, and yet I never noticed, the following morning, any blight or injury sustained by these plants even in the slightest degree." He further illustrates the innocuous effect of so diminished a temperature by the following facts. "I have occasionally, during the summer, been up the greater part of the night at my observatory, with the internal as well as the external thermometers as low as the freezing point, without being particularly warmly clad, and yet not feeling the least cold; and in the winter the thermometer, on similar occasions, has been at 24 and 26 degrees (six and eight degrees below the freezing point), without my suffering the slightest inconvenience. This I attributed at the time to the peculiar stillness of the air, although, within a short distance in the offing, and overhead, the wind was high."

From these statements it appears clear that there is some peculiarity belonging to this region, which at once favours vegetation, and tempers the otherwise rigorous climate. Captain King mentions two facts illustrative of the mildness of the climate, notwithstanding the lowness of the temperature. One is the comparative warmth of the sea near its surface, between which and the air, in the middle of winter, a difference of no less than thirty degrees was observed. Upon these occasions the ocean was mantled by a cloud of vapour, the result of a well-known law. The other fact is, that parrots and humming-birds, generally the inhabitants of warm regions, are very numerous in the southern and western parts of the Straits of Magalhaens. The former feed upon the seeds of the winter's bark, a species of timber which grows in this region, and the latter were seen chirping and sipping the sweets of the *Fuschia* and other flowers, after two or three days of constant rain, sleet, and snow, during which the thermometer was at the freezing point. They were also seen in the month of May winging the air during a snow-storm. No explanation that we are aware of has yet been given of these singular phenomena.

DANGEROUS DISBELIEF.

Rowland Hill would have tried the critical sagacity of the most erudite D.D. His eccentricities are of great notoriety. With many strong points of character, he combined notions prodigiously odd. One of those restless infesters of every place of worship, commonly called Antinomians, one day called on Rowland Hill to bring him to account for his too severe and legal gospel. "Do you, sir," asked Rowland, "hold the Ten Commandments to be a rule of life to Christians?" "Certainly not," replied the visitor. The minister rang the bell, and on the servant making his appearance, he quietly added, "John, show that man the door, and keep your eye upon him until he is beyond the reach of every article of wearing apparel or any other property in the hall."—*Frazer's Magazine*.

FRENCH PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The number of authors, poets, dramatists, journalists, and literary characters of all descriptions that throng to Paris, is incalculable. They are found in the most miserable garrets, as well as in the gilded saloons of spacious hotels. Thousands and thousands of individuals depend for their daily bread on papers. Paris swarms with scribblers of indifferent merit, authors of well-founded reputation, editors, stenographers, vaudevillians, translators, compilers and correctors of works, correspondents of journals and periodicals, &c. Literary hermits are rare. Charles Nodier and Ballanché are the only distinguished French writers who live in a secluded manner, and do not mingle in the literary circle of their literary brethren.

If it be asked, how can so many votaries of the muses obtain employment and bread? the answer is, hundreds die of hunger, disappointment, blasted hopes, and defeated projects. There is, nevertheless, immense scope in Paris for literary occupation. The Parisian press is the most extensive in the world. There are upwards of twenty-seven daily political journals, of which the circulation is considerable. We will mention a few instances, and cite the leading ones:—

	Copies.
Journal des Debats	13,000
Constitutionnel	12,500
Courier Français	8,500
Le Temps	8,200
Le Siecle	7,000
La Presse	7,000
Gazette de France	6,500
National	5,500
Journal General de France	4,500
Quotidienne	4,000
Moniteur	3,500
Gazette des Tribunaux	3,000
Le Droit	2,500
Le Messager	2,500
L'Impartial	2,000
Bon Sens	2,000
La France	1,100

This is the average daily circulation of the leading French newspapers. The periodical works are also numerous; upwards of thirty-seven reviews, pamphlets, and brochures, issue monthly from the press. *La Revue Britannique*, *La Revue du Nord*, *Le Grand Livre*, *Le Panorama de Londres*, *Le Journal des Haras* (sporting magazine), &c., are amongst the principal.

The weekly periodicals are—*La Revue de Paris*, *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, *Chronique de Paris*, *La France Littéraire*, *L'Homme de Lettres*, *La Revue Africaine*, *La Revue des Colonies*, *L'Actionnaire*, &c. All these magazines resemble the English monthly publications in size and in matter. There are, moreover, seventy-seven newspapers published once or twice, some even three times, every week.

The literary papers that correspond to the Literary Gazette and Athenæum are called *Le Voleur* and *Le Cabinet de Lecture*, each appearing six times a month. Then there are journals and magazines for particular subjects, such as for the theatres, the fashions, commerce, trade, advertisements, fashionable information, public works, scientific matters, &c. Each literary society in Paris has its periodical. *Le Journal Statistique* circulates 13,000 numbers monthly.—*Sunday Times*.

CAOUTCHOUC.

The caoutchouc [or Indian rubber] tree occurs very generally as a solitary tree, although occasionally two or three may be found grouped together. It is among the most magnificent of forest trees, and is second to the baobab only, because that tree admits of indefinite extension. Such is the size of the caoutchouc, that it may be distinguished from a distance of several miles by its dense, immense, and lofty crown. The dimensions of one of the largest are as follow:—The circumference of the main trunk, seventy-four feet; circumference of the main trunk and the supporters, a hundred and twenty feet; and of the area covered by the branches, six hundred and ten feet; more than a tenth of a mile! the estimated height, a hundred feet. The appearance of the tree, as one approaches the trunk, is majestic. It has a natural tendency to throw out branches both from the main trunk and from the branches; and these have a strong disposition to cohere with the trunk and with each other. When the roots are thrown out, either from the main trunk or very near it, they ordinarily run down its surface, and impart to it the picturesque appearance of elaborate sculpture. Frequently the caoutchouc plants itself on other trees, and, as soon as it is firmly fixed, casts down its roots to the ground. These, according to their nature, seek each other; a network is soon formed round the tree; the reticulations diminish with the multiplications of the roots; and at length a solid and firm cylinder is formed round the tree which received the young seedling, which is eventually stifled in the embrace of the caoutchouc. The juice is procured from transverse incisions made in the larger root. The incision reaches the wood, and even penetrates it; but the flow of juice is from the bark alone. Under the incision a hole is scooped in the earth, in which a leaf, folded up into the shape of a rude cup, is placed. The fluid as it issues is, when good, nearly of the consistence of cream, and of a very fine white colour. Its excellence is known by the degree of its consistence; and the quality of caoutchouc—which would appear to depend on this consistence—is readily ascertained by rubbing a few drops on the palm of the hand, when the caoutchouc rapidly becomes separated. By kneading this up again, it speedily becomes elastic. Many incisions are made in one tree; the juice flows rapidly at first, but diminishes in a few moments. It flows more copiously during the night. In two or three days a layer of caoutchouc is formed over the wound, and the flowing consequently ceases.—*Friend of India*.

ODD FANCIES.

"Upon my word!" said a lady, who was blessed with a very eccentric, or what is called *notional*, husband, "upon my word, I don't know how to get that whin out

of Mr —'s head." "Put another whin in, my dear," replied a quick-headed sister, "and the absurdities will neutralise each other." This advice was as clever as that of Abernethy upon a similar occasion. A lady went to the doctor in great distress of mind, and stated to him, that, by a strange accident, she had swallowed a live spider. At first his only reply was, "whew! whew! whew!" a sort of internal whistling sound, intended to be indicative of supreme contempt. But his anxious patient was not so easily to be repulsed. She became every moment more and more urgent for some means of relief from the dreadful effect of the strange accident she had consulted him about; when, at last, looking round upon the wall, he put up his hand and caught a fly. "There, ma'am," said he, "I've got a remedy for you. Open your mouth; and as soon as I've put this fly into it, shut it close again; and the moment the spider hears the fly buzzing about, up he'll come; and then you can spit them both out together."

THE TELL-TALE FACE.

[BY WILLIAM CUTLER OF NEW YORK.]

I hate those frigid notions,
Which seem to count it in
To show the kind emotions,
True kindness wakes within
Those manners cold and guarded,
With words dealt out by rule,
Pronounced just as mamma did,
Or Madame F——, at school.

I wonder how the ladies,
Dear angels that they are!
Can live where so much shade is,
Their loveliness to mar!
Were they fairer than the graces,
And wiser than the light,
Such cold, such moonlight faces,
Would put young love to flight.

I love the playful fancies
Of an unsuspecting heart,
That speak in songs and glances,
Unchecked by rules of art:
I love the face that speaketh
Of all that's in the mind;
The brow, the eye, that taketh
Its hue from what's behind.

These are the voice of nature,
The language of the soul;
Words change, but o'er the feature,
Guile may not have control:
The tongue may tell of feelings
Which may be—or may not;
But the eye hath sure revealing
Of the deeply-hidden thought.

I love that quick expression,
Which flashes the full eye,
When truth would make confession,
While modesty would lie;
Those warm, those heavenly blushes,
That crimson brow and cheek,
When feeling's fountain gushes
With thoughts it dares not speak:

Those shades that come unbidden
From every passing cloud,
With tales of cares deep hidden,
"Neath merry looks, or proud;
The sudden gleam of pleasure,
From brow, and eye, and lip,
That tells the heart hath treasures
It scarce knows how to keep.

These, these are voices given,
For soul to speak with soul,
As true to truth and heaven,
As the needle to the pole.

I bow to wit and beauty,
I almost worship grace,
But I owe especial duty
To an honest tell-tale face.

—Knickerbocker, March 1838.

ENGLISH NAVY.

An anecdote is told of a captain in the service, since dead, that while carrying out a British ambassador to his station abroad, a quarrel arose on the subject of precedence. High words were exchanged between them on the quarter-deck, when at length the ambassador, thinking to silence the captain, exclaimed, "Recollect, sir, I am the representative of his majesty." "Then, sir," retorted the captain, "recollect that here I am more than majesty itself. Can the king seize a fellow up and give him three dozen?" Further argument was useless—the diplomatist struck.

OLD BAILEY WIT.

A man was tried for stealing a pair of boots from a shop-door in Holborn, with which he ran away. The judge said to the witness who had seized the prisoner, "What did he say when you caught him?" Witness—"My Lord, he said that he took the boots in joke." Judge—"How far did he carry the joke?" Witness—"About forty yards, please your lordship."

A PARAGRAPH FOR DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

The Mobile Mercantile Advertiser bestows a just meed of virtuous indignation upon a "patron," of whom the editor heard that he had been seen laughing heartily over a paragraph in the paper of the previous morning, but who had not paid his subscription for two years! How could any man enjoy a joke with such a weight upon his conscience?

AN IDEAL ORRERY.

Conceive the sun represented by a globe two feet in diameter; at eighty-two feet distance, put down a grain of mustard seed, and you have the size and place of the planet Mercury, that bright silvery point which is gene-

rally enveloped in the solar rays. At the distance of one hundred and forty-two feet lay down a pea; it will be the similitude of Venus, or dazzling evening and morning star. Two hundred and fifteen feet from the central globe, place another pea, only imperceptibly larger; that is man's world (once the centre of the universe!) the theatre of our terrestrial destinies, the birth-place of most of our thoughts! Mars is smaller still, a good pin's head being his proper representative, at the distance of three hundred and twenty-seven feet. The four small planets, Vesta, Juno, Ceres, and Pallas, seem as the least possible grains of sand, about five hundred feet from the sun; Jupiter, as a middle-sized orange, distant about a quarter of a mile; Saturn with his ring, a lesser orange at the remoteness of two-fifths of a mile; and the far Uranus dwindles into a cherry, moving in a circle three quarters of a mile in radius. Such is the system of which our puny earth was once accounted the chief constituent; a system whose real or absolute dimensions are stupendous, as may be gathered from the size of the sun himself, the glorious globe around which these orbs obediently circle; which has a diameter nearly four times larger than the immense interval which separates the moon from the earth. Compare this mighty diameter, or the space of nine hundred thousand miles, within the assumed diameter of two feet, and the proportion will tell by how many times the supposititious orbit of Uranus should be enlarged! The dimensions of the system surpass all effort to conceive or embody them; and yet a wider knowledge of the universe shows that they belong only to our first or smallest order of infinites.—*Newspaper paragraph*.

TASTE NOT CONFINED TO THE WEALTHY.

Taste, if it mean any thing but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness; a sense to discern, and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, and goodness, wheresoever or in whatsoever forms or accompaniments they are to be seen. This surely implies, as its chief condition, not any given external rank or situation, but a finely gifted mind, purified into harmony with itself, into keenness and justness of vision: above all, kindled into love and generous admiration. Is culture of this sort found exclusively among the higher ranks? We believe it proceeds less from without than within, in every rank. The charms of nature, the majesty of man, the infinite loveliness of truth and virtue, are not hidden from the eyes of the poor; but from the eye of the vain, the corrupted, the self-seeking, he is poor or rich. In old ages, the humble minstrel, a mendicant, and lord of nothing but his harp and his own free soul, had intimations of these glories; while to the proud baron in his barbaric halls they were unknown.—*Thomas Carlyle*.

A TRIFLE PUN.

Miss Edgeworth was one evening busy writing beside her father when a servant brought in the tea equipage. The authoress measured the due spoonfuls into a china cup, then turned on the boiling water into the teapot, let it stand the time proper for infusion; put into other cups their cream and sugar, pouring thereon—what? In her literary abstraction she omitted to put in the hyson, so that the draught she now offered her parent was very milk-and-waterish indeed. "Were you writing on Irish bulls that you made such a blunder, Maria?" asked the sire. "No, papa," returned his witty girl, "twas Irish *Absent-tea-ism*."

RUSSIAN APPETITE.

Madame Junot says, that, in the preceding year, young Platoff was billeted on her hotel. He used to turn all standing, boots and spurs, into her fine white sheets, and was endowed with so splendid an appetite, that it was all her *maitre d'hotel* could do to keep pace with it. The whole household was lost in wonder, and amongst them laid a plot to check this march of stomach, if possible. They gave the young Cossack a pretty strong dose of tartar emetic, and waited with anxiety for the result. Presumption and vanity to think that any thing but a cannon ball would turn the stomach of a Russian accustomed to the digestion of train oil, bullock's liver, and saw-dust rusk. The patient fell into a profound sleep of some hours, and then awoke, calling lustily for his dinner, to the great horror and dismay of madame's establishment.—*Newspaper paragraph*.

PRESERVATION OF STUFFED BIRDS FROM INSECTS.

In the latter part of that very amusing work, "Waterton's Wanderings in South America," are some very judicious rules for the preservation of birds, for the cabinets of the curious. The proper method of dissection and arrangement is fully explained, and, lastly, the preservation of the specimen from the depredations of insects, he assures us, is secured by the use of a solution of *corrosive sublimate*:—"Corrosive sublimate is the most fatal poison to insects that is known. It is antiputrescent; so is the alcohol, and they are both colourless; of course they cannot leave a stain behind them. The spirit penetrates the pores of the skin with wonderful velocity, deposits invisible particles of the sublimate, and flies off. The sublimate will not injure the skin, and nothing can detach it from the parts where the alcohol has left it. All the feathers require to be touched with the solution, in order that they may be preserved from the depredation of the moth. The surest way of proceeding is to immerse the bird in the solution, and let it dry before it is dissected. Furs of animals immersed in this solution will retain their pristine brightness and durability in any climate. The finest curled feather from a lady's head-dress, if dipped in the solution and shaken gently till it is dry, will not have a curl injured by the operation, and be preserved from the chance of depredation of the insect."—*Newspaper paragraph*.

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